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GREECE HAS BEEN TREATED to another revolution and another dark-browed general has come into power. Condylis replaces Pangalos. The affair was carried out according to the strict conventions governing south-European revolts. The army and navy are reported to be behind the incoming general; civil liberties are to be restored to the people; the military machine is to be reorganized; the currency is to be stabilized; and the other elements of a healthy national life are to be established. But are they? General Pangalos was equally reassuring in his language when he seized power. He turned out to be a pretty poor dictator with a flair for issuing unpopular decrees and making himself ridiculous. He was both bold and foolish. He attempted to regulate the length of women's skirts and to reform the morals of the sexes. He announced his contempt for democracy and his faith in armed force alone; and then suddenly he called for elections, had himself made president, and decreed that Greece should be a republic modeled after the United States. He executed and exiled his opponents with no apparent thought of the future. And later, rather rashly, he released many of his surviving opponents, including General Condylis who has now seized him and promised to put him and his government on trial. We fear that the accession of a new general in Greece, even though he comes in promising elections and a president, will do little more than throw one crop of politicians into jail and another into office.

CHINA'S POLITICAL MERRY-GO-ROUND whirls dizzily, but the tide of nationalism continues to swell behind the showier events that absorb the newspapers. Wu Pei-fu has succeeded in driving the army of the Christian general, Feng Yu-hsiang, out of the almost impregnable Nankow Pass northwest of Peking, probably because Feng's Russian friends were unable to move sufficient ammunition across the mountains and desert. But in the South Feng's Canton allies have spread northward through the passes and absorbed the province of Hunan, menacing Wu's rear at Hankow, the "Pittsburgh of China." So Wu, after his northern victory, is turning south to defend his capital, leaving Peking in the hands of his erstwhile enemy and present ally, the protege of Japan, Chang Tso-lin. It is a dizzying succession of changes—and unimportant. More significant is the action of the so-called Chinese Government in denouncing the Belgian extraterritoriality treaty which was about to expire. For although the action is taken by a shadow government, the shadow speaks in such matters with a voice that will be accepted by all China. On these treaties the Canton Government, Wu, and Feng think alike. The Powers may growl and glower, but their treaty "privileges" and "rights" are destined to disappear.

SECRETARY KELLOGG'S SPEECH at Plattsburg has received more attention perhaps than its content merits because it had been widely heralded in advance as containing important declarations in regard to the Administration's policy with reference to disarmament. Mr. Kellogg spoke hopefully—too hopefully, we think—of the discussion at Geneva, laying especial emphasis on the practicability of regional agreements as a means of promoting peace and reducing military preparations among special groups of nations. We have no quarrel with the idea, but we do not see how the United States is in a position now to initiate any such agreements. As to the discussions at Geneva, it should not be forgotten that although our delegates went there without any plan to advance in America's behalf they have opposed the suggestion of the French that armament be related to a country's natural resources and equally the proposal for an international body to see that disarmament agreements, when made, are carried out. The latter suggestion, however repulsive to us, would seem essential to effective action. Although Mr. Kellogg pretends to be hopeful of the Geneva conference, we fail to see what the Administration at Washington has contributed to give substance to that hope.

THE ACTION of the Passaic mill owners in refusing to deal with the American Federation of Labor after communist leaders had withdrawn from the strike is a little more brazen and hypocritical than anything in recent labor history. For thirty weeks these mill owners have denounced the strikers because of their communist leadership; they have dragged in the wildest rumors with no examination of the sources; they even stooped to circulate a fake scandal concerning Albert Weisbord, the communist head of the United Front Committee. Very well, said the strikers, we

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will give you conservative leadership and see what you do. Weisbord withdrew, the strikers voted to join the United Textile Workers, the United Textile Workers and the American Federation of Labor accepted them. Did the employers soften their opposition? Not a whit. They refused to deal with any labor union. Communism has been their straw man; they have really been fighting against decent collective bargaining and a living wage. The only choice that the workers have left is to fight the strike to the last ditch.

THE NEW YORK SUBWAY STRIKE was defeated, but the Interborough Rapid Transit Company is still suing sixty-two strikers for $239,000 damages for violation of their "yellow dog" contracts. Only four strike leaders are left to fight the suit; if they work fifty-two weeks a year at a motorman's wage they can pay the damage bill in thirty-two years—provided they live on nothing a week in the meantime. What does the I. R. T. mean by pressing such a suit against a handful of unemployed men? (The company has refused to reinstate them.) It cannot hope to recover a cent and its expenses in court will be enormous. It is obviously trying to establish a legal precedent for all future fights between company and labor unions. A legal victory for "yellow dog" contracts and an award of nominal damages might be worth millions to the "open shop" manufacturers of this country. Joseph Brodsky, labor attorney, who is now waging a lone fight for the strike leaders should have the backing of all American labor and liberal forces.

FLORIDA HAS PUT four white men in jail for killing Negroes. Two of them face the death penalty and the other two have been sentenced to life imprisonment. Britt R. Pringle, one of the two men who are condemned to die, is the first white man to be convicted of first-degree murder for killing a Negro. The accused are making the usual efforts to avoid the penalties of what were extraordinarily brutal crimes, seeking retrials and commutations of sentence; but, according to the Associated Negro Press, the county officials who prosecuted the cases seem determined to see the course of justice run to a finish. Florida's passion for the law, however, works curious paradoxes in regard to Negroes. While with one hand she protects the life and property of Negroes from white criminals, with the other she punishes them for securing for themselves the commonest of civilized comforts. Mrs. Blanche Brookins bought in New York a Pullman reservation for a through trip to Orlando, Florida. At Jacksonville she was asked to leave the Pullman in accordance with Florida's Jim Crow law. She refused. At Palatka she was removed from the train, imprisoned over night, and in the morning fined $500 and costs, the maximum penalty for a Jim Crow violation.

A NEW YORK BUSINESS MAN, says Postmaster General New, will soon be able to leave his office on Saturday noon and reach San Francisco by airplane for the opening of business Monday morning. Air lines for passenger and mail service are springing up in all parts of the country; many of them are making money. The New York-Chicago night service, the Salt Lake-Los Angeles and the Jacksonville-Tampa-Miami lines are all on a paying basis. The Government now has an unparalleled oppportunity to develop a publicly owned and operated air system. Will it seize the opportunity? Not if Postmaster General New has his way. Although the Government has demonstrated its capacity to run air lines at a profit, Mr. New declares: "I have said as often as I have either written or spoken on the subject that the Government should turn the business over to private capital." Mr. New would have the Government bear the brunt of air pioneering, spend the millions, lose the lives, and discover the pitfalls of air navigation. Then he would have private capital come in to build on the government foundation. The story of the railroads is to be repeated: watered stock, high profits, franchise manipulations, costly regulation, the corruption of government. Perhaps some twenty-first century La Follette will adopt as his campaign slogan: "I will recapture the air for the people."

THAT LITTLE GROUP of men who a quarter of a century ago had the vision to see in the Spanish-American War and its aftermath the beginnings of the corroding imperialism which has in fact grown out of it is getting smaller each year. It lost a stalwart figure on August 16 in the death of Henry Wade Rogers, judge of the United States Circuit Court. He first came into collision with the forces that censor the expression of opinion—when it is unfavorable to them—in 1900. He was ousted as president of Northwestern University chiefly because of his public disapproval of the McKinley policies in the Philippines. He went to the Law School of Yale University, of which he became dean, continuing to be an outspoken opponent of centralization in government and attacking the Roosevelt Administration even more sharply than he had that of President McKinley. In 1912 he came out for Woodrow Wilson "to punish the Republican Party as the representative of the mercenary interests that have preyed upon the people for a generation, and to punish it for the sins of Big Business in partnership with crooked politics." Judge Rogers and other liberals of his type have been vindicated in all that they predicted of the growth of imperialism, but they signally failed to check it merely by following a "good man" and switching from the Republican to the Democratic party or vice versa.

ON CHARLES W. ELIOT, who died on August 22 at the age of ninety-two, we shall make more extended comment in a subsequent issue. At this time it is sufficient to add our voice to the great tribute which is being paid to him in every quarter and by every kind of person in this country—and in the world. The universality of this tribute is perhaps Dr. Eliot's best epitaph. In his public life he was as much above race or creed or class as in his educational career he was above clique or fashion. For forty years president of Harvard University, Dr. Eliot not only made of it one of the world's great centers of learning but he profoundly affected the entire development of higher education in America. In his wider contacts with his fellow men as a citizen he was respected for his abundant wisdom, his high courage, his serene tolerance, and most of all, perhaps, for his fine humanity. It was the latter quality that kept him youthful and gave him the ear not only of the present generation but of the youngest elements in it long after most of his contemporaries had slipped into the background. In one of his last messages to the young people of America Dr. Eliot said characteristically: "Don't think too much about yourself. When all you can think of is yourself, you're in a bad way."

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Professor Sam, Militarist

IN South America Uncle Sam is rapidly becoming a professor of military expansion. While our representatives at Geneva discuss disarmament our admirals in Brazil and Peru have for several years been teaching these South American nations to build larger and better navies for new wars. The project began in November, 1922, when sixteen commissioned and nineteen petty officers were dispatched by the United States Government as a naval mission to Brazil. Some naval missions are brief dress parades; this mission is no dress parade and it is not brief. It has already spent almost four years in Brazil teaching the Brazilians naval tactics and helping to expand the Brazilian navy. Recently the State Department announced that Brazil had renewed the contract for our naval mission for another four years from November, 1926. Unless someone interferes Professor Sam will stay in Brazil until 1930.

Peru is also one of our military clients. An American naval mission has been in Peru more than two years helping to reorganize the Peruvian navy, and there is no indication of an early withdrawal. Peru, it may be noted, is building part of her new navy in America; two Peruvian submarines were recently launched at New London.

Does our Government appreciate the danger to *us* from this military intervention in South America? If under our tutelage Brazil gets so strong and rambunctious that she makes war on Argentina and Peru fights Chile, we are likely to see an attempt at intervention by the League of Nations. Peru and Chile belong fully to the League and Argentina has never actually resigned. League intervention would be called for upon a declaration of war and, if any of the countries involved had begun the war in violation of the covenant, they would be subject to blockade. Our own commerce would be interfered with; what would happen to the Monroe Doctrine nobody knows. There are some who would want us to hurl Europe out of America by force. Do we want that sort of a melee? If not, why do we help one American nation that is a member of the League to arm against other American nations that are members of the League?

Another question should be faced by our Government. When we teach South American nations to fight, how do we know that they will fight *with* us in a war? Why shouldn't they fight *against* us? Take, for example, a war with Japan. The South American nations are restive under our financial domination. Japan has not attempted to rule them. An alliance with Japan is quite as natural as an alliance with the United States.

What right have American officers on the payroll of American taxpayers to spend their time teaching other nations to fight? Offhand, we would say that they have no right at all except in the case of allies during a war. When a few Russian officers appear as military instructors in Canton, China, the press of the Western world denounces Russia for attempting to use the Chinese for selfish (Russian) ends. Are we doing in South America what Russia is charged with doing in China? Probably the intentions of Congress were legitimate enough when the special act of 1920 was passed authorizing the President to accept the invitations of South American republics "whenever in his discretion the public interests require, to detail officers of the United States naval service to assist the governments of the republics of South America in naval matters." The act is innocent enough on the surface; it was renewed last May with even more sweeping provisions, allowing us to lend army and marine as well as naval officers. The Congressmen who voted for it no doubt considered the act a means of strengthening the friendship between Latin America and the United States, a military bulwark for the Monroe Doctrine. So it might have been if *all* the South American nations had invited help. But to date only two have asked for assistance, Brazil and Peru.

The effect of extending military aid of any kind to *some* of the South American republics is unfortunate. Brazil's greatest potential enemy is Argentina; we are helping Brazil but not her rival. Peru's nemesis is Chile; we are certainly not helping Chile. To all appearances we are helping Brazil to get ready for a war against Argentina and Peru to get ready for a war against Chile. If Brazil and Peru are not preparing to fight their South American neighbors, what are they getting ready for?

It is a peculiarly tactless thing of our Government to keep a naval mission in Peru at the present moment. Chile is seething with bitterness against the United States because our representatives seemed to favor Peru and condemn Chile in the Tacna-Arica dispute. Probably Chile deserved the condemnation but her sensitiveness cannot be ignored; if we presume to act as judge it is hardly a wise thing at the same time to play the role of a military auxiliary of Chile's avowed enemy to the north. The Peruvian militarists who want the people to believe that Tacna-Arica is worth dying for do not need the support of an American naval mission.

Who is paying the costs of our South American naval missions? The law authorizing these missions provides that the naval officers lent to foreign Powers shall receive "*in addition to* the compensation and emoluments allowed them by such [South American] governments, the pay and allowance of their rank in the United States naval service." (Italics ours.) A fat bonus for lucky officers! The foreign governments pay the expenses of our naval missions but we continue to pay the salaries, and the act of 1920 makes no provision for reimbursing the United States Government for these salary costs. If the thirty-five commissioned and petty officers of the mission to Brazil received the lowest pay given to the lowest commissioned officer after ten years service in the navy, our salary bill for the eight years in Brazil would be more than $700,000.

The question of costs, however, is trivial compared to the major question: Are we allowing our admirals to Balkanize South America? Apparently we are. We are encouraging armament rather than disarmament in a continent which may easily destroy itself in a competitive armament race. We are callously drifting into military arrangements which destroy our claim of impartiality; we may awake some morning to find that we have helped to divide South America into military blocs. The next session of Congress can do much for permanent peace in South America by terminating Uncle Sam's engagement as a military instructor in Brazil and Peru.

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Whose Y. M. C. A.?

LIBERALS and reactionaries are fighting a determined battle for the control of the collegiate Young Men's Christian Association. Public attention has not been focused upon the struggle because of the more spectacular rift between fundamentalists and modernists and because there has been no open break in the ranks of the Y. M. C. A. Thus far the liberals have kept in the saddle, but their control is not secure.

The struggle goes back to the changing character of the collegiate Y. M. C. A. Something has happened to this institution; it is not the thing that it was ten years ago. Its secretaries, once long-faced vendors of piosity, are evolving into a new type. In most American colleges the new Y. M. C. A. secretaries believe in evolution more or less militantly, hate the Reserve Officers Training Corps and the preparedness gospel, distrust American business standards, and call race discrimination un-Christian. They are repeatedly attacked for their heresies by army officers and civilian super-patriots. In numerous cases the local college Y. M. C. A. has become a center for student self-expression and independent criticism of trustee control, curriculum voodoo-worship, and the football craze.

It is quite natural that collegiate Y. M. C. A. secretaries should be converted to the new social evangelism. The students are not interested in any other kind. They regard the old evangelism of personal salvation as unimportant or untrue or both; it will not stand the test of class-room analysis. Except in scattered denominational schools fundamentalism is everywhere on the run in our colleges. The Y. M. C. A. would commit suicide by sympathizing with it.

Unfortunately the sponsors of the city Y. M. C. A. do not appreciate what has happened to the collegiate Y. M. C. A. The two branches of the organization move in different orbits, although they are officially bound together by an international committee. The big capitalists who contribute to the support of both kinds of Y. M. C. A. probably do not know what is happening in the colleges. The alignment of the two groups under one head is grotesque. The typical city Y. M. C. A. is a hotel and gymnasium for young business climbers, thoroughly commercialized, thoroughly safe. It is manned by secretaries who combine the qualities of Sunday-school superintendent, athletic director, and hotel clerk. It teaches short cuts to business success and, on Sunday afternoons, diluted Protestant optimism. It is more directly dependent on the approval of business men than any other religious institution in America.

These city Y. M. C. A.'s, which comprise the great bulk and riches of the international body, would like to whip the collegiate Y. M. C. A. into line. They do not like its "radical" ideas. Recently in Texas they smashed the Southwestern committee for collegiate work because the committee had brought "dangerous" speakers to the State. They are constantly bringing pressure through financial sources to force back the collegiate Y. M. C. A.'s to "the fundamentals of Christianity."

Ultimately the two types of thought represented by the collegiate and city branches of the Y. M. C. A. cannot live together. The collegiate Y. M. C. A. cannot be subservient to the smug success-gospel of the city "Y." An independent college Y. M. C. A. is the desirable and not improbable result of the present struggle.

Stuart Sherman

THE eager and devoted following which Stuart Sherman enjoyed was the result—if the sheer ability of his criticism be for the moment disregarded—of two or three human qualities which could not but be felt behind the even front of his many essays. His followers yesterday may not have been identical with those of two or five or ten years ago. The audience he reached through the New York *Herald Tribune* was not only wider but more liberal than the audience which first acclaimed him—the readers of *The Nation* of the days before the World War. Yet there could never have been any disagreement among his admirers concerning the kind of man he was.

He combined, for one thing, courage in a high degree with another quality not often found in its company. He was sensitive also. There have been many blustering critics, men who drove straight before them with whatever weapon came to hand, men who blurted their opinions. Stuart Sherman's courage was of the opposite sort, having perhaps been cultivated in an attempt to fight against the shyness, to cover up the delicacy, primary in his nature. Certainly to those who knew him or who read him knowingly there was evident a mind equipped with many fine, invisible feelers which it instinctively put out whenever a book or a person came near. And the purpose of this putting out was not, it need scarcely be said, to discover what others were thinking; it was to gather the materials of his own eventual thought. To such a man many ideas are possible in a given circumstance. The more light-hearted members of the sensitive tribe end by expressing several or all of these ideas in quick, nervous succession. Not so Stuart Sherman. His courage and his sense of dedication to the most serious tasks of criticism kept him pondering until he had decided upon a course; then they thrust him forward, it would seem half unwillingly, with his mind very firmly made up and his judgment flying like a banner. There were those who confused him with the simple fighters; they did not understand the complications of a temper which never did or could display the whole of itself.

With much of his critical campaign the newer *Nation* was inevitably out of sympathy. He began (under the shadow of Paul Elmer More) as one who, himself inheriting a healthy intellectual constitution, felt called upon to diagnose most of the symptoms of the modern mind as pathological. The brilliant essays—hardly anywhere surpassed in American criticism—which composed his first published volume, "On Contemporary Literature," applied a rigorous, classical test to the greatest of our writers. That these writers failed to qualify was the fault of the test, not of themselves; and the subsequent history of Stuart Sherman is the story of his gradual, rather stubborn adjustment to the fact. Never abating his earnestness and never abandoning his search for the best of which the human spirit is capable, he nevertheless concluded that the present had to be studied in its own terms. In that study he was engaged when he died. The preface to his last volume of essays contained an admission that dogmatism concerning "the good life" is ill-conceived. The contents of the same volume showed that he was well on his way toward an appreciation of the vitality which is in contemporary literature. That he now will never be able to define that vitality is a tragic loss to American letters.

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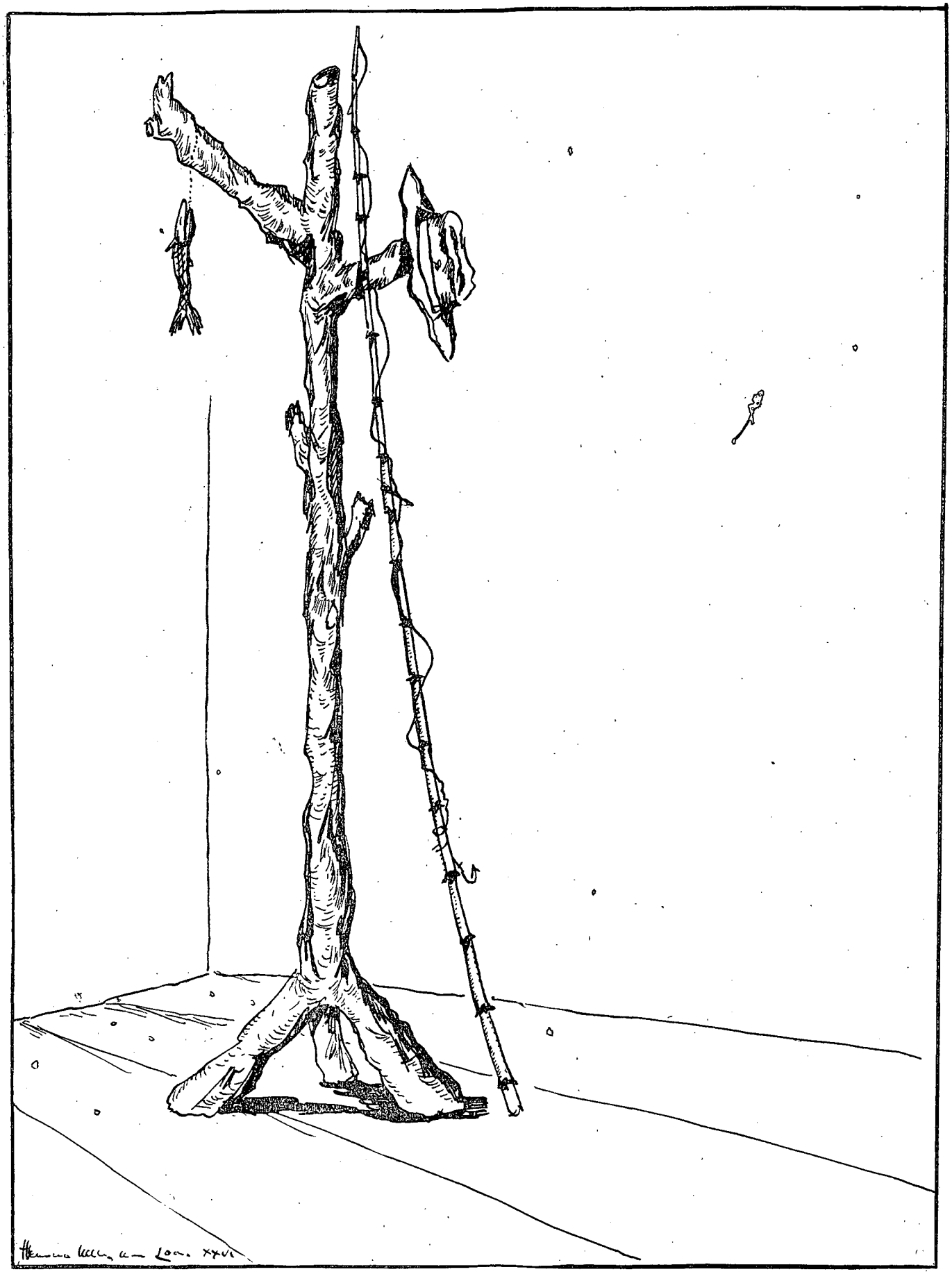

The Summer White-House Spokesman

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My Great-Great-Grandfather and I

By STUART CHASE

IN the year 1800 my great-great-grandfather was living with his family in a little farm house near the town of Newburyport, Massachusetts. For the past five years I have been living with my family in New York City. As a test of progress, how much more abundant, more rewarding, is my life than his? He lived at the threshold of the industrial revolution—the first textile mill in America was built in 1802. I live on the crest of the greatest wave of applied technology that the world has ever seen.

Newburyport in 1800 was, with its outlying villages, largely a self-supporting community. The bulk of its food, shelter, and clothing was locally grown and fabricated. By and large—save for the town sot—every able-bodied person worked, and worked at making something useful. Despite the rigor of this economic necessity, the work produced bears the stamp not only of utility, but of a gracious and lasting beauty. I sometimes think that High Street in Newburyport is the lovliest architectural grouping in America—unless it be the village green of Old Lyme in Connecticut. An early Nantucket ordinance bears the phrase "mechanics and other artists," and as one looks upon the houses, the doorways, the glass, the pottery, the pewter, the hooked rugs, the masonry, the ironwork, the chairs, the tables, and the cabinets of that eighteenth-century period in New England, one cannot but believe that the town fathers of Nantucket spoke truly. While a few years later in the harbors of Newburyport, of Salem, and of Boston, the spars and halyards and cloud-like canvases were to rise, of what has been termed the most beautiful and vibrant thing ever fashioned by the hand of man—the clipper ship.

Here obviously was no product of labor driven and unwilling, but the expression of an age which gave to the shapes and colors of its materials vigor, imagination, and the sense of lives lived at the full. And it is dubious if these things could ever have come to birth at all without a wide participation in their creation by the bulk of the community. Here and there one finds an eighteenth-century architect, a ship-designer, a cabinet-maker of outstanding ability; but by and large the output flowed from hands unsung and unknown, too numerous to catalogue. It was the work not of an individual genius but of a general culture level. On this level my great-great-grandfather lived his life and from it drew his sense of values and his measure of happiness.

Let us run down the list of essentials and compare my life with his.

First, as to shelter. I live in a decaying Victorian apartment house up three flights of stairs in a dark and dirty stair well. In certain seasons, for as much as an hour in the afternoon, sunlight will make its way through one window in the kitchen and lie like some rare flower on the floor. Otherwise there is no sunshine, summer or winter. And very little light; and not too much fresh air. We open our windows, but we never, if we can avoid it, look out of them. The art of the jerry-builder has affected woodwork, plaster, and plumbing so that nothing is ever quite clean, or quite dry, or quite workable. My wife struggled with a New England housewife's conscience for two years and then, to save her sanity, strangled it. We have a bathroom it is true, we have electric lights and a gas stove. But is my housing today—particularly when children and their needs are considered—superior to that of my great-great-grandfather in his sunny, low-eaved, great-ovened farmhouse in the town of Newburyport? It is true that for the same monthly rental we might have secured a cleaner and more attractive apartment, but owing to the immutable laws of real-estate investment, it would have to shrink so in size as to be almost uninhabitable by virtue of congestion.

Take food. The food we eat is vastly more varied; it is probably richer and undoubtedly softer than the diet of my great-great-grandfather. The softness has an unfortunate effect on our teeth, and one wonders if the whole-wheat grains, the fruits and berries fresh picked, the simple vegetables from the garden or the root cellar, did not constitute not only a more wholesome but a more toothsome and succulent diet. One grows weary of pale food in cans and bottles and packages—however meticulously sterilized, however flamboyantly advertised. Not only vitamins, but the very juices which act most powerfully on the salivary glands seem to be missing.

Take clothing. Again the variety today is as conspicuous as its lack of durability. As the jerrybuilder has undermined housing, so the shoddy-maker has undermined textiles. Not that sound cloth cannot be made on the machine. I saw an overcoat recently which had been used continuously for ten winters—and showed no sign of wear. It was not, however, a product of the higher salesmanship, but was made of cloth tested for the United States Government and ordered for a military officer. Today the clothes my wife wears are, I suspect, more comfortable, more suited to the lines of the human body, than those of my great-great-grandmother—however deficient they may be in workmanship. But the clothes I wear—in town at least—are both flimsy and hideous compared with the knee breeches, the noble colors, the brave brass buttons of Newburyport a century ago. I doubt if in all the centuries since men wore clothes there has ever been a mode so ugly and so depressing as the somber cylinders which have encased us since the forties. Along with the smoke of the coal age came what might be termed the smoke-stack style for men. Just lately one notes the arrival of a special sports mode which admits color and line, but only an infinitesmal fraction of the population—at due and circumscribed seasons and places—can avail itself thereof. Undertakers' regimentals still constitute the last word for the bulk of the male citizenry.

Take health. There were no reliable vital statistics in Newburyport in 1800, but I doubt if the average duration of life was as long as it is today. I suspect that we spend more days per year incapacitated by sickness, but medical science pulls us through where the blood-letters of Newburyport only assisted the gentleman with the scythe. If you fell ill, your chances of dying were considerably greater in the old days, but you did not fall ill so frequently—you couldn't afford to. The net result is a lower death rate today, but for that advantage—if it be one in terms of abounding life—consider the price that we pay in the ser-

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vices of doctors, dentists, hospitals, X-rays, injections, inoculations, and the staggering costs of blasting water systems, sewage-disposal systems, garbage-collection systems, and public-sanitation systems generally into a congested city area utterly unadapted, through lack of community planning, to such arteries.

Take education. I send my two children to one of the best, modern experimental schools. We have tolerated the bleak apartment chiefly to be near this school. Yet I gather that the bulk of the effort of those competent women who operate this experiment in education is directed to the recreation in a hostile environment of those factors of craftsmanship, manual dexterity, awareness of nature, spontaneous play, which my great-great-grandfather's children received naturally, automatically, and costlessly in Newburyport. The world those children took to as a duck takes to water, is now being searched for in the city's canyons with a large outlay for "equipment" and "material" and "project study"; with a terminology altogether stupefying; and with no assurance as yet that, beleaguered by an enviroment in which child life is implacably ignored, the search will be successful. The public schools of course have never even thought of such a search, much less begun it. In respect to the three R's, however, instruction not only in the experimental schools but in the public schools as well is vastly more competent than it was a century ago.

Coming finally to intellectual life—the life of the spirit, not classed as a stern essential by economists, but nevertheless relevant to the parallel which we are trying to develop and supremely relevant to the question of living life to the full. New York City today possesses resources for stimulating the mind and the higher emotional centers that places it, at first blush, utterly beyond the Newburyport of 1800. (Incidentally, and in passing, it possesses resources for stimulating the lower emotional centers on perhaps an even more magnificent scale.) One can take one's pick of sixty theaters, scores of lectures, the opera, a dozen concerts, art galleries, museums, scientific gatherings, what not. The sum total on any winter's night is stupendous. And I, for one, in the face of such an intellectual feast, feel often like the historic centipede.

> The centipede was happy quite
> Until the frog in fun
> Said, "Pray which leg comes after which?"
> And wrought his mind to such a pitch
> He fell exhausted in the ditch,
> Considering how to run.

Or else, and more frequently, I try to keep up to some degree with the plays that are being talked about, and the concerts and lecturers and exhibitions that are being talked about, and the books that are being talked about. Which tends to leave me very little time in which to talk about things that are being talked about. My wife and I become two highly specialized automatons, gathering pollen with incredible dispatch from a hundred flowers, booming our way in subway and elevated train and taxicab in and out of lobbies, up and down elevators, through revolving doors, but—and here's the rub—when the cultural debauch is ended, with so little opportunity to distill honey for our future joy and sustenance.

> What is this world so full of care
> There is no time to stand and stare?

And the most saddening thing of all to us is the hostility which New York offers to the making and holding of friendships. We have acquaintances without number and among them many whom we long to know better; we call scores by their first names, clap them on the shoulder, promise to call them on the telephone, assure them "we must get together for dinner." We do an immense amount of greeting and an immense amount of handshaking and an immense amount of promising and then, because we cannot maintain the pace, a quite collossal amount of what can only be called bare-faced lying. Almost never do we sit down in that atmosphere of peace and timelessness which is essential in the cultivation of friendship. And we find that good, unhurried discussion in this city is as rare as friendly intercourse. Perhaps the two are governed by the same relentless law. It was Goethe who said that a civilization should be measured by the excellence of its conversation. The keenest intellectual joy I know is good discussion. In it one participates, feels something of the excitement of thought-creation, is not bound speechless in a lecture seat to be thundered at from above. In all the four years we have lived in New York, I have not had a dozen good discussions. Rather I have gone to a hundred committee meetings with a watch in one hand and in the other a pencil which forever seems to be turning out budgets and lists of possible contributors.

God knows there is culture enough but it is a spectator's culture, a listener's culture, not a participant's culture. It is handed down at so much a head including war tax. It is not the culture which the free citizens of Athens knew as they sauntered eager and expostulating through their academies, nor yet that cruder but still vital culture which drew every man who could walk to the New England town meeting a century and more ago.

Where does the balance lie? In terms of living as set off from mere existing, who lives the more abundantly, my great-great-grandfather or myself? Before you answer, note this point well. He was an average citizen of his community, economically speaking; while probably the joint income of my wife and myself is two to three times the average of my community. Compare him with the average New York family as you find it in the Bronx, on the East Side, in the wilderness of suburban Brooklyn. Where then does the balance lie?

I started to make an impartial survey, but perhaps I have tilted the scales. The tendency to become maudlin about the old days—particularly to a New Englander—is a powerful one. I have probably succumbed to it somewhat. Certainly Newburyport in 1800 was no Utopia. Discount, then, the parallel which has been recited by a wide margin of tolerance, and again, where does the balance lie? I confess I do not know. But the significant thing is that there should be any question at all; that I should look back with eyes that are so often envious to a time when all the results of modern technology were non-existent. Finally I may be accused of unfairness in comparing life in a small town with life in a great city. Remember, however, my standard of reference is net welfare. I have included the life of the mind as well as that of the body. By and large, I believe that a properly planned city promises *more* in net welfare, and so I think the comparison is not an unreasonable one.

There is a machine today which can make nails one hundred and nine times faster than the blacksmith in Newburyport could fashion them; a machine which can make plows thirty-two times faster. Cotton sheeting can be made one hundred and three times faster than ever my great-great-grandmother could spin and weave it. And it is

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alleged by competent technicians that we have, in the energy released by the turbines and engines of America, the equivalent of the labor power of three billions of slaves, or nearly thirty servants for every man, woman, and child in the country. Why is it, in the face of such unparalleled technical improvement and engineering development, such a wealth of natural resources laid bare since 1800, that my standard of living in terms of vital values is so little better, if indeed it is better at all, than that of my great-great-grandfather; while the standard of living of the average family in New York City is almost certainly worse? How has this stupendous gain in technology, in control over the forces of nature, been drained away and wasted?

Machine production in terms of tonnage output is a meaningless, and if the output be guncotton, an actively destructive thing. Trade statistics, transportation load, steel output, even harvest yields are only wind to inflate the empty brains of small-town boosters until they are correlated with the vital statistics of the day-by-day life of the wayfaring man. The wheels hum, the freight trains roar, the mines belch, the forests crash, the oil wells spout, the sand hogs curse, the cities reach their white pinnacles to the stars—and what do we who live here in New York today get out of it?

Not nearly as much as we ought. Not a tithe of what Fulton and Arkwright and Watt promised us. The world is full of stuff, but it is largely ugly, depressing, mean, or swanky stuff. It carries little nourishment for the human organism. This is no triumph of human intelligence. This is the defeat of human intelligence. This is a child smashing a microscope. This is waste—meaningless, destructive, gigantic.

The Tariff and the Farmer

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

THE trouble with agriculture can be summed up under two general heads: First, the farmer does not get the full benefit of the protective tariff. Second, the cost of distributing food products is unreasonably high and adds to the burdens both of the producer and of the consumer.

How can we give the farmer the benefit of the tariff enjoyed by the manufacturer and the laboring man? A tariff on imports, whether enacted with the idea of revenue or of protection, but particularly if it is for protection, cannot be defended if its benefits will not accrue to all citizens alike. The manufacturer can increase his selling price until it is raised to the level of the tariff wall. In other words, he meets no competition from the foreign manufacturer unless he raises his price above the tariff. The added cost is passed by the jobber to the wholesaler; the wholesaler passes it to the retailer; and the retailer adds it to what he collects from the consumer. As a matter of fact, most of these middlemen add more than the tariff, so that in practice the ultimate consumer not only pays the tariff but something extra. If the consumer be a laboring man, the additional price that he pays is to some extent reflected in a higher wage; but when it reaches the farmer it stops. He cannot pass the additional burden to someone else. If the tariff enabled him to add the duty to the selling price of his product he would be able, at least in part, to meet this additional cost; but when he sells his product he is confronted with an entirely different situation. In the principal staple food products, the farmer produces a yearly surplus, and this surplus must find a market in the trade centers of the world. In the production of wheat the farmer must sell the surplus in competition with the wheat produced in India, in the Argentine, in Russia, and in other parts of the world where the cost of production is much less than in America. The price that the American farmer gets for his surplus in foreign markets fixes the price of the entire product. In other words, he must buy on this side of the tariff wall and sell on the other side. He must live, as far as consumption is concerned, in an artificial atmosphere raised above world conditions by the tariff, while he must sell his product at prices established by world conditions.

Because the farmers are scattered all over the country and because their numbers run into the millions, it is almost impossible for them to meet the situation by organization. The manufacturers, comparatively few in number, can and do organize for the purpose of making the tariff on their products effective to the consumers and for the purpose of limiting production. There is no practical way in which the production of farm products can be limited. The manufacturer, at the beginning of a year, knows with reasonable certainty what the consumption of his product is going to be. He arranges his business accordingly. And even if he has failed to judge the amount the country will consume he can, almost over night, lessen his production or increase it. The farmer can do nothing of the kind. He battles against the elements of nature in his business, and cannot know in advance whether he is going to produce a surplus or, if so, how much the surplus is going to be. He often produces a larger crop on a small acreage than in other years he produced on a much larger acreage. He must gamble with the winds and rains, with dry weather, with hail, with bugs, with worms. When his crop is planted there is nothing for him to do but to go on and produce as much as he possibly can. Even though he realizes during the months of his summer's toil that there will be a large surplus of his product, he cannot shut down his operations as the manufacturer can, but must gather his whole crop, knowing that even if the profit is small on any given unit, his only salvation is to produce an additional number of such units.

The legislation recently defeated in the Senate and in the House aimed to give the farmer the same tariff protection that is enjoyed by other classes of our people. It did this by providing a method for the purchase and disposition of the surplus product. It provided for the purchase in our markets of that part of the product over and above what would be required for domestic consumption and the selling of this surplus in the markets of the world. It is conceded that if machinery could be enacted by which the surplus could be purchased and kept off of the domestic market, then the price of the product would rise to the level of the tariff wall. But in the sale of the surplus there

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would, of course, be a loss, and the proposed legislation contemplated the paying of this loss by the farmers themselves by what is ordinarily known as an equalization fee. While getting the benefit of the tariff, therefore, he would have deducted from this benefit, and taken out of his profit, whatever equalization fee was levied, so that in practical application of the contemplated law he would still be handicapped where the manufacturer is not.

There is nothing involved in the proposal that is not involved in our existing tariff law as it applies to the manufacturer, and no objection has ever been raised to it that does not apply with equal force to any tariff that may be levied on any article produced in America. There are those, of course, who oppose, and oppose strenuously and honestly, the levying of any tariff, particularly a tariff for protection; but we have such a tariff, and everyone must, if he is fair, admit that as long as it exists the farmer ought to benefit as well as the manufacturer.

Even if the farmer were given the full benefit of the tariff, he would still be suffering under handicaps not applicable to other classes of citizens. The cost of distribution in many of our principal food products is greater than the cost of production. The result is that the farmer frequently gets too little to pay him for his investment and his labor, while the consumer pays a price so high as to be almost prohibitive. There is no doubt that this excessive cost of distribution decreases greatly the amount of consumption. From the time the food leaves the farmer who produces it until it reaches the table of the consumer many middlemen have either directly or indirectly had something to do with the handling of the product, and in every instance have added to its cost.

The object of those who would relieve the situation, whether by voluntary action or by legislation, should be to bring the consumer and the producer as close together as possible. The farmer ought to get more and the consumer ought to pay less. Cooperative organizations of producers and cooperative organizations of consumers should be encouraged by law. Much progress has been made in this direction, but even the largest cooperatives have found themselves seriously handicapped by the powerful organizations of middlemen. It will require legislation to bring about the elimination of a large portion of this great army of middlemen. Our producers as well as our consumers are so widely scattered and so difficult to organize that nothing can bring about the elimination of this waste except the strong hand of the Government.

A few years ago the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry unanimously reported a bill which set up a giant corporation, capitalized with government funds, which should act in its corporate capacity as a great middleman between the producer and the consumer. It was authorized to buy from cooperative organizations of producers all kinds of food products and to sell these products to cooperative organizations of consumers, either in this country or abroad. It was authorized to establish agencies in all parts of the country to handle these food products; and to construct warehouses of all kinds for the storing of non-perishable products. The proposed legislation turned over to this corporation hundreds of idle ships owned by the Government, then tied up at the docks, with a provision that it was to pay no rental for the ships but was to keep them in repair and turn them over to the Government in case of war or national emergency, without charge. On these ships it was proposed to carry the farm products of America to all parts of the world. The corporation would not only have performed the service of a giant middleman but would have preserved intact the merchant marine. It was not expected that this corporation would carry on all the food distribution of the country, but rather that it would do enough business to regulate prices. It would have given encouragement to a greater extent than has ever been contemplated to cooperative organizations. This bill, although it had the unanimous indorsement of the committee, was defeated by the power of the Administration and the influence of millionaire middlemen scattered all over the country.

The railroad is perhaps the greatest of all middlemen. As far as its principal revenue is concerned, it is nothing but a middleman—a necessary one it is true, but a middleman nevertheless. Its freight revenue is acquired by a levy upon the products of human consumption as they travel from the producer to the consumer. Every living being has a direct interest in the cost of freight distribution. The man who never sees the railroad or hears the sound of a whistle must nevertheless pay his share of the freight. It is part of the price of everything that we eat, wear, or use. Nothing in our modern civilization escapes its charge. It ought therefore be given to the people at cost or as near cost as possible.

The farmer has a greater interest in the freight question than any other class. All dealers, from the manufacturer down to the consumer, add the price of the freight to the commodity they handle. When it reaches the farmer he has no opportunity to pass the increase on. He is at the end of the equation and therefore must absorb it. On the other hand, when he has anything to sell the freight charge is immediately deducted from his return. The price of his wheat at the farm is the Chicago or Minneapolis price, less the freight. The cost of his plow or his harrow or his clothes or anything else he has to buy is the manufacturer's price plus the middleman's profit, and always plus the freight. Thus he pays the freight twice, and he is the only class of our citizens who does this.

When the farmer begins to realize how directly the freight question affects his business and how he helps to bring about a loss where there should be a gain in his operations there will be a united demand for a solution of the railroad problem; and when the consumers of the country awake to the fact that the railroads are now in politics and always have been in politics, and that the best way to take them out of politics is to operate a government-owned system, public sentiment in favor of a final solution will be irresistible,

Smoke Goes Up Slowly

By ELI SIEGEL

Smoke goes silently up to the sky, while the sun is setting;
Setting, setting, this day after thousands and thousands and thousands of days.
Feet move along pavements, people talk in the clean, cool time before twilight, and smoke goes up to the waiting, quiet skies.
Work is over, rushes are over; those who went out of kitchens in the morning are now in kitchens again; and smoke goes slowly up to the waiting, quiet skies.

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Glimpses of Arthur Gleason

By HELEN HAYES GLEASON

III

DINNER parties were to be shunned. Restaurants were different. There one could go with a companion to linger over talk. Though at the very center of rush and congestion, Arthur Gleason was at ease in a restaurant; it went with traveling to his nature. The Playbill Restaurant of years gone by in New York was one of his favorites; the oyster-stew counter at the Grand Central Station was another. You sank into a restaurant chair as into a well, observing the world through a periscope. Something took place, atmosphere poured down and around, creating a delightful privacy. This was accomplished as easily at Childs as any less popular place.

A friend has written of his London days:

> There was a pleasure in going with him to an Italian restaurant he had discovered near Victoria Station and an engaging charm (like the endearing grace of a child happily at play) in the care he took in choosing the meal—he had found a good Chianti there, I remember.

For him a new dish, a new drink, a new person, a new scene, by change and contrast brought out the known values of life. His was a stimulating combination of loyalty to the old and enthusiasm for the new. In his own words:

> There is a wayward element in life which makes the turning of a street corner an adventure. There is something amazing in the squandering of power and charm, at random. . . . Life refuses to be organized, has no bureau of registration for beauty, no central clearing station for its multitudinous wonder. The next inn at the forks of the road may be reserving for us a loyal friend or a fresh encounter.

* * * * *

Meals were never just meals when he was home. They were gatherings for friendliness and talk. If we hadn't guests in the flesh, we had their representatives, hundreds of them on shelves at arm's length. He would rise, choose a book in a flash, turn to the paragraph suggested by talk, share it, return to food. If that paragraph led to another and another, he would go on, kindling to the thought, dipping here and there. Nothing to do then but cover his plate.

Given a smoke and any stranger, he could talk for hours, leading or following, drawing out, picking up information—often most valuable contacts—giving himself with complete focus. His conversation was always interesting, frequently brilliant and sparkling, unhurried. He talked like a connoisseur, choosing words for value and flavor. Their music was his daily habit. He swore seldom but with a fine finish. When he swore his eye carried the glint to kill, if necessary.

* * * * *

Certain things, like baseball and movies and vaudeville, for which he had a special passion, he felt were great common denominators in America. As much as books and travel they were to him channels of friendship and understanding by which he could identify himself with the mass flow of human life. He read the sporting page regularly for its tang, its touch of vulgarity. He was extremely fond of baseball; the skill of the big League players was pure joy to him. He knew the teams and their records and would grow absorbed matching reminiscences about them.

But for many years one of his greatest delights was vaudeville. I am haunted with thoughts of the old Saturday afternoons when we had subscription season tickets at the Alhambra on 125th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York. When we lived downtown we came up; when we lived uptown we came down. The Alhambra was our center. We liked the third row left aisle, end seats, for on that side passes down the magician from stage to audience. At that angle we could watch the keen profile of Ben Roberts, the orchestra leader. He was half the show. We liked his careful work in giving a newcomer a fair hearing and his abandon with the old-timers. We were much saddened when he was lifted over to a newer and bigger theater and from there to the Palace. The best acts on the circuit, the best seats for fifty-five cents, "Red" a property man, and Ben, the most gifted leader, a little spoiled us. Such were the offerings of the Alhambra Vaudeville.

It was a mixed feeling of pride in having spotted a good act and disappointment in seeing it go that swept us when one by one the favorites broke through years of hard work in vaudeville to become headliners in glorified revues. But A. G. never forsook vaudeville. In his own words:

> Vaudeville is speed, skill, brevity, fun. It is various, accidental, and natural. The spirit is one of play. . . . It is not trying to lift the stage nor degrade it. Its stage is level to the audience, so level that the performers walk out among the people and continue their act. They would use good songs as quickly as any group if good songs there were. Vaudeville has no concern with grief and conflict. For human suffering its only answer is a change of tune. But it knows its own little world of play, and sometimes for a few minutes it makes children happy and turns grown folks into children.

* * * * *

To some Arthur Gleason was a publicist, to others a reformer, a radical; to his wife he was the writer with the vision of beauty and suffering filling his eyes.

Two envelopes, which I found among his papers after my own paragraphs had been written, bear the inscriptions "Dissolution" and "The Darker Drink." This material had been written through the years from 1909 to 1922. It is the intimate stock-taking of a man's soul:

1912

> The next ten years will not be as the last ten years (1901-1911) have been—dreary, a process of breaking the human spirit and then remaining sweet under the discipline. One learns at last that we must not lie down under injustice, nor accept deep personal humiliation.
>
> I have come to see that we are not called upon to resign ourselves to a lifetime of barren routine, nor to bend the will to the arrogance and foulness of men in power, nor to accept their insults in patience and flatter their weaknesses. . . .

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I have done what is "wise" and "sane" and those things that lead to regularity and "respectability" of life, to conforming with the scheme of things, and to success. And I find that they destroy the only living thing within us, the human spirit, the only gift that can create, and that can communicate joy. . . .

1913

The free life of writing is for me blessed from heaven. It alone brings the sense of earning my way, of being justified in continuing to live. It clears the consciousness of suffering. The routine of office work is hateful to me because it destroys the power to write, and fills my life with a sense of pain. It carries, too, a sense of futility, unworthy tasks in endless succession. I came out of office work sick and wounded. It has taken four years to repair that loss. That which gives inner light and peace is right to do. That which brings darkness is wrong. It is foolish to set the rule of the course by the very moments when we are choked by glooms and blinded by failure. It is time to plan the larger purpose when the outlook ahead is clear. At this level, with an untroubled mind, and a sense of large self-expression, I wish to record for weaker moments my resolve to continue to hold fast to this true way of life, and my resolve not to be turned into routine by temporary discouragement.

And, more than that, I wish not to be turned aside from dwelling in this clearer air by the petty ethics of the world's standards. I wish no thought of the lesser duties and responsibilities to deflect me from the work which I do best. All considerations on the give-and-take of average community living are secondary and negligible, save only as they contribute to the main purpose.

I write this as giving voice to the best insight that I possess. I believe this to be the way of truth, and any other way a coward's retreat. I believe this is in obedience to the invisible deep-running laws of being which somehow show us what is life's will for us.

1914

Having acquired a technique by much hard work, I should like to use that technique instead of being forced into work where no technique is required.

One more year has gone, to a man past thirty-five years of age, and in that year, only a few weeks granted of work along lines which bring out his powers and employ his skill. For the rest, a filling of time with chasing about in many directions on matters of which he is ignorant, and so an ache at the heart through power thwarted and unfulfilled.

Never at any other time is there a sense of well-being except when writing. Then alone the thwarting disappears. Only as a singer do we approach the presence. . . .

1922

The attempt to organize the writer, and to force him to fulfil functions other than his own—functions sometimes that are destructive of his aptitudes—awakens the self-protective instinct. We exist to affirm our essence, unless we accept ourselves as clerks of an office. . . .

The constant contacts, the many conferences, violate me. They are a scatteration of forces. What I want above other things is quiet times in quiet places to gather together and arrange the deposits of the flux of things.

* * * * *

The essence of life is change. So at each change there were great rejoicings. Whenever he gave up stifling work to become himself, free, winged, we celebrated with a matinee or went voyaging to find a fresh impulse. He never permitted situations to "get him." He moved on.

Financial relief [he wrote] is the everlasting problem of the artist.

If he works hack, it kills creation.

If he makes beauty, it sells poorly.

If he accepts subsidy, he becomes indolent.

The nearest to a solution seem periods of active practical work, and periods of creative leisure.

Only a great purpose like Webb or Darwin can suffer a secure income.

* * * * *

It is almost impossible to speak of the years in Europe—they were so close-packed with suffering and loneliness and great experience. Only those few who did it know what price was paid to live from 1914 to 1917 trying to serve the Allied side. First and last we were aliens, under constant and often stupid surveillance of new officials; courteous superiority, a faint amusement from the English, suspicion from the French and Belgians. We grew tired many times in those years proving that we were friends.

But England for the six years was our base. To A. G. England was a second home. Her quiet rhythm, a certain well-seasoned stability, free speech, and her humor were congenial to him. He had known England from boyhood. He loved the best in her.

* * * * *

At last the time came to go home. We sailed back to New York in early 1920. We had left home in early 1914 to find rest. Now we were wistful to leave the place that had given anything except rest, but which had become so much a part of us; old and dear friends and newer ones, whom we should not see soon unless they came to us.

The years in Europe had been devoted to causes. They were six of the most valuable years in his life; a war at close range, contact with the best in several countries. But they left him dumped back in America, psychologically quite alien, as all those who had any real war experience felt on returning—a crispness lacking understanding, an intolerance with the war-weary—physically and financially at low ebb. "Your much-valued word," he wrote, "cheers the heart in these desolate days in America. We have come back to a suppressed, freedom-hating community. It seems to me I have never known folks so short-tempered, so full of bitterness and the desire to strike down the hopes of the world."

During the interval abroad nothing could be saved and savings had been invaded. All the money above living expenses had been given to the soldiers and to the babies. It was not much, but it was all he had.

There was now a real need of rest, for, with brief bits of respite here and there, winters and summers had been much alike, those years of service and separations. The underthrum of war bred doubts even then; always the anxious separation followed the holiday. War lifted through the surf; bombs fell at high noon; destruction spilled more accurately under a full moon. War means separation from all that is worthy and dear; it is the essence of war. It took home, art, health, some of the best years of his prime. War really took him. He "went West" with the others. Acute danger, sudden danger, laughed at him, fell about him like a mantle and left him undaunted. But like the drip of water on stone, the long drumming fatigue of war ate into vitality, sapped strength and resistance. . . .

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In the Driftway

AS these lines are written, that Jersey leopard is still at large. In fact, he is so much and so long at large that officials of Monmouth County, from a zoo in which he was reported to have escaped, are said to be coming to the conclusion that there isn't any such animal. They are putting him in the same class with the giraffe. An escaped leopard, it appears, must kill a man, or at least a chicken, every day or so in order to be believed in. This Jersey beast, not having killed anything of which anybody is certain, has lost caste, and inhabitants of Monmouth County who for several days lived behind barricaded doors and windows are coming out to gossip with the neighbors again.

* * * * *

THE Drifter confesses that from the first his sympathies have been with the leopard. He imagines that if alone in the jungles of South America or Africa—or wherever it is that leopards live—he were confronted by one of these animals his sympathies would be largely with the Drifter. But when from a safe distance he thinks of the entire population of a county in arms against a single leopard his sense of fair play is outraged. Probably the leopard meant no harm in his escape. He may have tired of his diet of fresh meat in the zoo and strolled out in search of vegetables and vitamins. But the chances are that he had become enough of an American to take up with our idea of summer vacations and simply decided to start off on his own well-earned outing. There is no reason why wild animals should not get away for a few weeks in the country as well as anybody else. As one sees them in the zoos they seem to need it. The Drifter commends to some enterprising newspaper "Vacations for animals" as a good slogan for a campaign. In fact, the leopard's example was followed a few days later by a pet ape in a nearby town, so that the idea may be spreading without any special propaganda.

* * * * *

THE most humane man in Jersey is the one who supplied a picture of a leopard or a stuffed representation—the Drifter has forgotten which—for the benefit of the amateur hunters of Monmouth County. The man proclaimed himself to be a lover of yellow dogs and declared that since the escape of the leopard no animal was safe in Monmouth County that had a streak of yellow in its hide and ran around on four legs. Even yellow taxicabs were in some danger, as everybody was going around with whatever weapon he could lay his hands on from a pea-shooter to a *soixante-quinze*. (You knew what that was during the Great War even if you've forgotten since.)

* * * * *

AND if the Drifter's theory is correct, that the leopard has merely gone on his summer vacation, he is likely to be back at the zoo any Monday morning as tired and unready to resume his job as any other beneficiary of our conventional summer outing. He'll be back except for one possibility. His human pursuers seem all to have been distanced, but there are worse dangers in the State. He may have had a grade-crossing collision with a full-grown Jersey mosquito. If so——

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Whitewashing the Shipping Board

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The men guilty of or responsible for the gigantic looting in the Shipping Board were, with few exceptions, not of President Wilson's party, but, in the emergency created by the war, were called by him to the service of the Government. They then killed two birds with one stone—they made a ghastly failure of the government merchant marine, the legislation for which they had by every device attempted to defeat and block, and they made way with and dissipated the taxpayers' billions.

The alibi offered by the New York *World*—"It is true that the Government sometimes made bad bargains because of the inexperience of its agents or because of the need of speedy action during the rush of the war"—will not hold for the Shipping Board. The men who administered that organization were our most prominent and experienced shipping men, and more than 80 per cent of the money spent by the Shipping Board was spent after the war. A few of the ships were, long after the war had ended, given to inexperienced and unfit agents who employed certain lawyers whose fees in the matter certainly did not cover legitimate legal services.

The people have fallen between two stools—the Democratic Party is responsible for the Shipping Board's doings under the Wilson Administration and would whitewash it, and the men who profited most are Republicans of national prominence. That is why we have had so many whitewashes of the Shipping Board.

And now, the last act in this tragedy is about to take place by the disposal of the remaining worthwhile ships—all that the Shipping Board has to show for the expenditure of more than five billion dollars of the people's money—for a few million dollars, which will quickly go the way the rest of the people's money went so as to clinch the lies against government ownership and government operation.

New York, July 1 PHILIP MANSON

Tsanko Bakaloff Tserkovsky

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of Tsanko Bakaloff Tserkovsky on May 2 removed the father of the Bulgarian Peasant or Agrarian Party from the stage of Bulgarian politics. He was also a most prolific and popular poet, short-story and play writer. Being a cabinet minister from the armistice to March, 1923, he put into operation the well-known Bulgarian universal labor-service law and rendered tremendous services to the post-war reconstruction of his defeated country.

When in 1919 Georges Clemenceau, handing the treaty of peace over to Premier Stambulisky to sign his name on the dotted line as the sole delegate of Bulgaria, asked aloud: "Is Bulgaria a monarchy or a republic?" Tserkovsky wrote to King Boris advising him to abdicate in favor of a republic. After the military coup d'etat which overthrew the Stambulisky Government in June, 1923, the old poet was thrown into prison and held under lock nearly three years without judicial sentence or warrant and under such harsh treatment that he officially begged to be shot dead. As late as February, 1926, he was brought to trial, charged with high treason against the king. The court, of course, acquitted him. But as soon as he left the prison and returned home he died, saying to his family: "Tell all my relatives and friends that no one should even think of any revenge."

Bulgaria lost one more of her worthy sons—a poet, a statesman, and father of thirteen children.

New York, June 23 THEODORE GESHKOFF

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Books

Bones

By JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS

Bones, bones, bones, bones,
Nigger, th'ow away dem bones!

De debbil once say "I needs a game
Fo' ter pass de time away,"
An' he got him de bones of a po' black man
Dat come ter Hell dat day.
He cut 'em off straight, an' he trim 'em off smooth,
An' dey look like li'l squar' stones,
An' he mark 'em wid soot an' den he say,
"Now I gwi' roll some bones!"

Roll dem bones, roll dem bones,
De debbil say ter roll dem bones!

Now Li'l Joe an' Big Dick down in Hell
Is de debbil's two right han' men,
An' nigger, w'en yuh calls on eider of dese
You's callin' on de debbil's frien'.
Snake-Eyes wuz de one dat talk ter Eve,
Don' you 'member po' Adam's moans,
Oh think what de bulge in yo' pockets means,
An' nigger, th'ow away dem bones!

Bones, bones, bones, bones,
Nigger, th'ow away dem bones!

Oh nigger, I sees you on yo' knees,
But you ain' kneelin' down ter pray,
"De baby needs new shoes, come on, bones!"
Dat's whut I heahs yuh say.
"Bring home de bacon," yuh hollers an' shouts,
But brudder, I sets an' groans,
Fo' you'll be de bacon fryin' in de pan,
An' de debbil he will roll yo' bones!

Bones, bones, bones, bones,
De debbil he will roll yo' bones!

The Thoughtful State

Social Control of Business. By John Maurice Clark. University of Chicago Press. $4.

IT is a rare thing to be the thoughtful son of a thoughtful father. John Maurice Clark possesses both distinctions, and his new book is an excellent example of one of the best kinds of thinking that are being done by contemporary economic theorists—which is to say, with all due deference to the past, one of the best kinds of thinking that have ever been done with regard to social affairs. This is not to say that the book is simple or is easy reading. On the contrary, its distinguishing merit, like that of all the best contemporary theory, consists in its keeping forever in mind the endless complexity of the forces and the motives at work in our bewildering present-day life, and trying to search out the lines of social action most promising in consequence. The result of the search, needless to say, is not a panacea. It is not even two or three satisfactory "principles" on the basis of which everything can be settled without further thought. We have got to get forward from where we are; in Mr. Clark's judgment, we shall probably get along fastest by further thoughtful development of methods already in use, rather than by saying lo here or lo there. It is a disappointingly pedestrian mode of progress, but at least we are not likely to get a flat tire or to have both brakes suddenly go bad half way down a steep hill.

Mr. Clark is not one of those social philosophers who know all about it. Even "the goals we need to define and set for ourselves are long-run affairs and call for more knowledge and foresight than we have available to bring to bear; while the objectives of our actual policies are sadly shortsighted and superficial." The idea that our existing individualistic scheme is somehow a natural one, in which control is absent, is nonsense. In fact, that scheme is made up of a particular set of controls, with government playing a highly important part by maintaining our present laws of property. Those laws might be vastly different from what they are; they do vary widely as regards different kinds of property (compare a street railway with a pencil factory); and they are constantly changing. It is silly to represent our choice as a choice between control and no control; we can only choose between systems of control, our present one or some other. Mr. Clark, on the whole, is for what we have, made just as good as we can make it.

After a careful definition of terms, he gives an excellent analysis of the existing scheme of control. The compulsion exercised on us by machinery is strikingly brought out, then the control to which we are subjected by our economic necessities working through the pressures imposed on us under our property system; and, in more detail, control by competition (whose essential nature it is to harness the predatory interest in man to the end of service), control by the ethical codes of business and the professions, by public opinion, vague as it is, and by the law operating in manifold unseen ways. Social control is thus an omnipresent fact. Men being what they are, our present system works, on the whole, pretty badly, with great friction and waste. Any other one would probably work worse. Even those who disagree should be grateful to Mr. Clark for indicating so clearly that legal and other institutions, along with men's habits, beliefs, and aims, are important economic facts.

We proceed finally to a detailed study of the practical problems of regulation and price control, which must be solved if we are to make progress along present lines. A brief review cannot thread the economic and legal maze of costs, earnings, fair value, and fair return through which our author must find his way. Suffice it to say that, like most sensible economists, he rejects reproduction cost as the proper basis on which to figure returns to railroads and public utilities. As regards the trusts, in the light of our experience he still favors the indirect methods of control advocated a quarter of a century ago by his distinguished father and since that time increasingly embodied in our legislation—publicity and the legal prevention of unfair competition, together with the growth of business knowledge and the development of business morals. "Industrial knowledge is a public utility, which may properly be delegated to private ownership only so far as that is the best condition for the performance of its public function." The sole test of control is that it should aid in making business subserve the ends of life.

Reformers in a hurry will quarrel with Mr. Clark for the moderateness of his proposals and the inconclusiveness of his conclusions; they will damn him for a conservative professor. They would do better to understand the genuine open-mindedness and liberality of his thought, the broad understanding and genuine wisdom underlying his concluding sentences: "Even a wrong solution which those concerned have worked out for themselves may be better than a more enlightened one imposed from above. And this is the last lesson of tolerance, which impatient reformers find it hardest to learn."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

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Mr. Barnes on the War Guilt

The Genesis of the World War. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS excellent work proceeds upon facts stated not always with the composure of historical writers but stated clearly, fully, and well. The citations are copious and the bibliographical tables most comprehensive. And there is no retreat from any of the positions originally taken by the author; on the contrary, there is an advance.

The memoirs of Sir Edward Grey, when read by a penetrating, informed mind, are signally convincing that the British Foreign Office had a more willing hand in this bad business than we dreamed. Parsons and good old ladies, to be sure, find in dear Sir Edward imperturbable virtue, but students will see how adroitly Grey leads his readers around pitfalls of truth. Indeed many such students will, upon gaining the whole view of Grey's policy, turn against him from his own account of it. The present reviewer, when he first perused these memoirs, felt himself convinced that the Grey-Northcliffe party had at least resolved not to prevent the war—had resolved simply to let France and Russia crush Germany, while there should be preserved a spotless record north of the Channel. But the record was not spotless. Grey's tale of British pre-war conduct must be read along with the narrative of Colonel House in order that we may fully discern the adroitness of the maneuvers made to draw our country also into the war. Upon this phase Mr. Barnes does not enlarge. It is the complacency of Grey, his piety of attitude, that maddens us; the fact of his being safe because most readers will not look beyond his own book; the fact that they wish to believe just what he says, and that in consequence one of those who could have done much to prevent the great crime is during the present generation its most secure defender.

A keen exposure is made by Mr. Barnes of one plausible act often cited in Grey's favor and in proof of his desire to prevent the war—namely, his proposal of a "conference" in the last few days. Now, as was long ago pointed out, and is today by Lowes Dickinson, this conference was to consist of a group among whom Germany would be outvoted—a conference which Britain herself would never have entered in the same circumstances. Mr. Barnes now fully analyzes the situation at that moment, setting out each of its stages to show what Grey's suggestions were worth under rapidly changing conditions. He exposes, for example, Grey's failure to mention that Russia too had rejected this proposal. As he says, another proposal, the one made by Germany that Austria and Russia themselves have an immediate and direct consultation, was better. In point of fact, Grey himself had favored it, though he now says nothing about it.

Mr. Barnes properly comments upon the terrible price to Britain of all this diplomacy. It is too early, however, to reckon loss or gain. The territorial profits of Great Britain by the Treaty of Versailles are prodigious—so vast that in the long run they will probably compensate for all the loss. As Moulton and Lewis in their recent work on the French debt estimate that Alsace-Lorraine will reimburse France in the devastated regions, so German East Africa and rich Mesopotamia and a hand no longer controlled in Persia may in a decade make Britain fat again.

This fearless book closes with an estimate of the changing opinion concerning war guilt, a point which the experience of the present reviewer serves to illustrate, since only three years ago no American house was brave enough to print a book by him containing almost identical arguments not more tartly stated. It was in London that a publisher had then to be found. Opinion has indeed changed, and Mr. Barnes has helped to change it with his brave attacks. He lays about him now with no gloved hand, for when the public prefers to plug its ears only the loud can be heard. This much is certain—that almost without exception every batch of new documents tends to prove France and Russia more guilty. Readers are at last beginning to notice that the French still refuse to open their files, while the memoirs of Allied statesmen when scrutinized tend to confound their authors.

Mr. Barnes's book should be read by all scholars and historians. Incidentally, it is one more proof of the lively argumentative powers of its author.

FREDERICK BAUSMAN

War Diplomacy from the Inside

Smaranda. A Compilation in Three Parts. By Lord Thomson of Cardington. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

ONE of the most remarkable features of war literature has been the bitterness with which the soldiers who did the actual fighting have assailed the politicians, the diplomatists, and particularly the General Staff at whose hands they suffered most directly. Now comes a book by a distinguished British soldier who during part of the war combined the functions of staff officer and diplomatist on a military mission. Lord Thomson is in an excellent position to thrust a satirical pen under the gold lace which covers up the weaknesses of his former colleagues, and he makes good use of his opportunities.

"Smaranda" is divided into three parts. The first half is the diary of a "General Y." It is difficult to see why Lord Thomson chose to mantle himself in this very exiguous disguise. "General Y." does everything in the war and after the war that Lord Thomson did and dies very conveniently on the day the Labor Government assumed office and his editor was elevated to the Peerage, as Minister for Air. The diary is largely devoted to "General Y.'s" experiences in Rumania, which he calls Smarandaland. Here for two years of the war he was engaged in a semi-military, semi-diplomatic mission, the tribulations of which were offset for him by a romantic friendship with a great lady of the land whom he calls Smaranda. The romance is described with considerable charm and humor, but the main interest of the diary will undoubtedly be in its first-hand account of war diplomacy in the Balkans.

"General Y." went to Rumania early in 1915 with instructions to "bring in" that country on the side of the Allies. It was not altogether an easy task. Bucharest was a center of intrigue where representatives of both sides strove, with cajolery, bribes, and threats, to capture Rumania as an ally. Nor was the General's heart entirely in the job. He was far from convinced that Rumania would be a greater asset as an ally than as a neutral, and events certainly proved him right. However, the pundits in high places would not listen to his warnings, and in the end Rumania came in.

When "General Y." was ordered to destroy the Rumanian oil wells he pointed out that the cost of compensation, which the British Government was to meet, would be enormous, and that even if the Germans got the oil the difficulties of transport for them were enormous. He was instructed to go ahead. In carrying out the destruction it was necessary to secure the cooperation of the Standard Oil agent, whose comments he reports as follows: "'Well, it's a wicked waste, but if the British Government is going to pay, I'll help you.' I thought sadly to myself, the British always pay. His last remark was—'I reckon God made oil to be burned some time or another, and it makes no odds to me—if you are going to pay for it—when and where you burn my stuff.' And on this practical and pious note we parted." Without doubt this diary will be read with interest by those in high places, though probably they will derive no great pleasure from such comments as the following:

> Army and navy officers profess contempt for politicians and say that politics is a dirty game; yet many play it when they get a chance. On their side, the politicians are discovering that intrigue is not unknown in military and naval circles.

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I met one yesterday who six months ago was a perfectly harmless civilian; he is now a colonel, and told me he had come back from our headquarters in France to breathe the purer air of Westminster for a while.

The second and third parts consist of a number of sketches of the Near East during and after the war and a longish story written around the perpetual struggle between Greek and Bulgar in Western Thrace. They are interesting and well written, but the present reviewer would cheerfully have sacrificed the lot for some more of the indiscretions for which, we are told in the compiler's preface, "General Y." was notorious. For those who took an inside part in the war, indiscretion is not only the better part of valor but a boon to a war-weary world.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Man, Nature, and Culture

The Relation of Nature to Man in Aboriginal America. By Clark Wissler. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE swinging of the ethnological pendulum continues at an accelerated rate. A few years ago its direction was away from the extreme of the theory which held that all societies developed along the same lines and in identical evolutionary fashion; it was swinging toward a new theory that each society had to be studied historically to be understood. Passing this point, the pendulum swung on until it reached the extreme of the historical point of view, which may be called diffusionism, or the idea that all cultures are the result of traits each of which could have originated but once somewhere—that when two cultures have similar traits there must have been contacts making for diffusion. It is to this school, in its less extreme form, that Dr. Wissler's book belongs. He presents a diffusionist position, it is true, which is more logical and tenable, and much more acceptable, than that of the extremists Elliot Smith and Fritz Graebner. But, reading the work, one can understand why many ethnologists believe that one must be cautious in applying the diffusion principle—that, valuable as it is, it is most valuable when it is used with the realization that culture is too human, too psychological a thing to be plotted on a map.

Briefly, the thing for which Dr. Wissler is searching is any possible law that will enable us to cope intelligently with the problem how old a culture may be and what historical contacts it may have had. Developing an idea which has been presented by him and others in the past few years, he produces a work which, if taken with the caution with which he surrounds his theses, is very stimulating. The method used is one which Dr. Wissler foreshadowed in his earlier works on "The American Indian" and "Man and Culture." It comes from a consideration, first, of archaeological data, and, in essence, is this: If you plot the distribution of a trait, either cultural or somatological, on a map—any trait, Dr. Wissler emphasizes, and one found anywhere—you will discover that it is found most frequently, and, if it is a cultural trait, in its most intensive and complex form, at a certain place. From this region, as concentrically as the topography of the continent allows, will go, like ripples in a pool when a stone is thrown into it, a series of areas in which the trait will become less intensive and less complex. The center of this distribution, then, is the place where the trait presumably originated and has grown to its present complex form, and in the outlying regions with respect to this center you will find the simplest, and therefore the oldest, type of the trait.

The book tests the theory by numerous distributions. Material culture and archaeological traits and trait-complexes, which are treated in the first two chapters, offer, of course, the most persuasive results. Next are considered social traits, and Dr. Wissler was courageous indeed to plot distributions of such illusive things. One can imagine his sigh of relief as he turned to the physical traits of the human form. In a final chapter he brings all his findings together, formulates his law, and studies the geographical basis for the distributions the type of which he has found. One would not in any sense call Dr. Wissler a geographical determinist, but he stresses the importance of the environment element, and he further develops a point well made in his earlier works—the limiting role to culture played by the environment. It is to be hoped, since the processes and theories discussed by Dr. Wissler are operative and important, that he will pursue his researches further and give us the elaboration of the present work that it calls for.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Molnar's Medium

Eva and The Derelict Boat. By Franz Molnar. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THESE two stories by Molnar exemplify a formula to which the Hungarian novelist and playwright returns again and again and in the manipulation of which he is thoroughly at home. The strength of human passion is matched against the frailty of other human relationships, and the resultant drift toward a tragic conclusion is traced quietly, deliberately, and with a due regard for the artistic value of atmosphere. In "The Derelict Boat" the scene is laid in Budapest; in "Eva" the silver mines of the Slovakian highlands provide the setting. In one case the woman is a child; in the other the men are children. In other respects the mood and the treatment are much alike.

Eva is a symbol for all the discord which the heartlessly feminine may spread in a tranquil community. Even before her arrival the atmosphere of the mine officials' club underwent a disturbing change; it was "dedicated to expectation." "The thoughts of all the men were occupied with that woman, some of them rather sensuously. 'What's her name?' They smiled to think that this question had not occurred to them before. The director answered: 'Eva.' This name appealed to them. 'Eva,' they said, 'it's a beautiful name.' They would have thought any name beautiful." In prose of this simplicity, gently and ironically, Molnar weaves his tragedy.

Mellower and more melancholy, "The Derelict Boat" is remniscent of other Molnar tales, done in the Schnitzler mood. "Pirko was fifteen, her father was a lawyer and her mother a tall blonde woman who whispered at five o'clock teas with young men behind the window curtain." And like all unhappy fifteen-year-old heroines—at least in Hungary—Pirko would rather die than grow up. Emil Lengyel, who translated the stories, has written an introductory study of his fellow-countryman.

LISLE BELL

Books in Brief

Sumptuary Legislation and Personal Regulation in England. By Frances Elizabeth Baldwin. The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50.

A rather pedestrian account, twice too long, of sumptuary legislation in England from the accession of Edward III to the death of Elizabeth, together with extended descriptions of English costume in that period. It is primarily a collection of facts drawn from the printed sources of information, often at second hand.

Education in East Africa. Report Prepared by Thomas Jesse Jones, Chairman of the Second African Educational Commission of the Phelps-Stokes Fund. The Phelps-Stokes Fund.

This work, taken in conjunction with the Report of the First Commission of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, gives a comprehensive account of education in Africa as far as the native peoples are concerned. The present volume deals with East Africa, and contains full accounts of all the types of schools

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in all the provinces and countries of the eastern half of Africa from Abyssinia to the Cape. The statistics in every case are full and adequate. Dr. Jones is a firm believer in the Hampton-Tuskegee program primarily of industrial training for Negroes, and is convinced that it is education of this type which will be the solution of the problem of "civilizing" the natives. Perhaps he is right; one wonders if there is not also need among them for an appreciation of the value of their own cultures.

The American Year Book. A Record of Events and Progress for the Year 1925. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart and William M. Schuyler. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

This is a revival of a publication that appeared annually from 1910 to 1919 and then was interrupted. It is described as "not intended to be an almanac of various concentrated information and statistics, but a general survey of the advance of the nation for each year," with particular attention to "new ideas" and "the new results of scientific and other intellectual activity." It would be easy to attack it from these or other standpoints. The chapter on Territories and Dependencies is a statistical presentation with no hint of the seething discontent in many of our island possessions, while of seven pages given to a scant review of our Latin-American relations, a third is devoted to two separate articles on the Tacna-Arica question which overlap and to some extent conflict. But, although it is easy to point out defects in a work of this kind, it is better perhaps to concede that in the deluge of "current events" which overwhelms us any honest, intelligent effort at summarization and classification is welcome.

An Immigrant in Japan. By Theodate Geoffrey. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

This volume would naturally be classed with travel books, but it is so different, so far superior to even the best of travel books on Japan, that it should have a classification to itself. Mrs. Geoffrey came into contact with the "foreign colony," including the missionary element, and because of her remarkable power of detachment was able to see it with all its faults and all its virtues, both of which she finds among missionaries as well as business people. Later she moved into Japanese quarters in a suburb of Yokohama and lived very much in the Japanese fashion. The book is a most valuable contribution to the interpretative literature of our Pacific neighbor.

Dean Briggs. By Rollo C. Brown. Harper and Brothers. $5.

Dean Briggs is a sturdy flower of the Cambridge of President Eliot's day. He is even more of a gentleman than a scholar, and his gentlemanliness takes no account of clothes or class. Scoffers at New England Puritanism would learn by reading of him—if Mr. Brown's story did not seem too good to be true. It is, in fact, almost too true to be good—such constant appreciation, even salted with so many good stories, must make Dean Briggs seem unreal to those who have not known and, knowing, loved him.

The Life of Stephen F. Austin. By Eugene C. Barker. Dallas, Texas: Lamar and Barton. $5.

The first account of the personality and performance of "The Father of Texas." A remarkable book, moving with the economy and firmness of a Cromwellian summons. Austin emerges as a gentleman cultured, sensitive, patient, tolerant, the very opposite of the burly, damn-your-eyes backwoodsman typified in Sam Houston, who came to Texas barely in time to reap what Austin had sowed and who yet has popularly been regarded as summing up in himself Texan pioneer character.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ethical Movement. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

Here are recounted a half century's experiences in a new type of religious organization far more radical than even the most liberal of the modernist churches. As Felix Adler explains in the leading paper, this pioneer movement was called into being in order to accord to ethical progress—independently of any theological sanction—the primacy among man's needs, to search for more light on life's ideals than can be found in the Bibles of a simpler age, and to put into practice the better ways of personal and group endeavor thus indicated. Seventeen of Dr. Adler's colleagues in America and abroad contribute autobiographies, confessions of faith, and records of the activities of the societies.

The New Baltic States and Their Future. By Owen Rutter. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Mr. Rutter has given us a most informing, useful, and readable volume concerning the infant republics of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia. There is just enough of geography, of history, of economics, of social conditions, and of politics to satisfy the reader who makes a specialty of none of them. And there is just enough of personal adventure and actual contact with the peoples to give the book a flavor of life and reality and make it acceptable as a travel book.

The Heart of Black Papua. By Merlin Moore Taylor. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.

A belated contribution to the literature of discovery. The author and a British official, learning that there is trouble in the interior, dragoon a native village, force its men to leave their tasks to act as burden-bearers for them (knocking them about rather freely when they become dissatisfied), and, with the protection of native members of the governing constabulary, proceed into the interior, where they demonstrate the majesty of the law by violating every item of the code of ethics, religion, and good breeding which either they or the natives have been brought up to respect. Outside of some damage from leeches they all come through in good shape. The tale is as good an example of how to misgovern a native people and how not to obtain ethnological information as may be cited.

By the City of the Long Sand. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

In the tradesmen and their wives who set up tiny American Main Streets in all the treaty ports of China, Mrs. Hobart sees the legitimate successors of the pioneers and homesteaders of the great American frontier. Here is a vivid and sweet picture of China as reflected in the life of a Standard Oil wife.

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□ LECTURES □

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Interpretation of this vital problem in relation to the future.

By HARRY WATON

author, lecturer and thinker.

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International Relations Section

Opium—Up to Date

By ELLEN W. LA MOTTE

London, July 13

LET me give you the latest news about the opium situation, as seen during the eighth session of the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations, held at Geneva from May 26 to June 8 of this year—a thoroughly prejudiced account, by a thoroughly prejudiced observer. Without straining a point, you could call that opium committee a "packed" one, since the majority of the delegates represented countries with large stakes in production, consumption, and manufacture—Great Britain and India, France, Holland, Portugal, Germany, Switzerland, and Japan. There was also Siam, browbeaten and discouraged, and one real anti-opium delegate from China. But the Chinese delegate, while profoundly antagonistic to the opium trade and traders, could promise nothing on behalf of his distracted, disorganized country—one of the worst offenders as far as production goes. Normally, the committee has three assessors or experts, representing no country, unbiased and honest. One of these, however, Sir John Jordan, died a few months ago and has not been replaced. Mrs. Hamilton Wright was thrown overboard—she always made a fuss at these meetings and insisted that the trade was being shielded. And the French assessor, a negative person, did not even show up this last time. Mrs. Wright has been replaced by Colonel Arthur Woods, who necessarily played a watching game, being unfamiliar with their methods. So, except for Mr. Chu of China, nothing disturbed the international harmony.

The only work done (if you call it work) was to go over the vast mass of reports on illicit traffic sent in from every corner of the world. Every country was caught out, trading in contraband. And as one country after another was exposed, the delegate would shrug his shoulders and smile, and the others would smile with him—their turn next. But, after all, there was nothing to do about it, since they were all in the same game, and all determined that the game should go on. These contraband seizures are supposed to represent a tenth or a twentieth of the actual contraband in transit. And the figures were so formidable that even Sir John Campbell of the India Office commented on the "colossal magnitude" of the illicit traffic. Everything, in fact, is wide open—production booming and the drug factories turning out drugs by the ton. Not the slightest effort was made to deal with production, or to limit the factory output—no rationing of factories, no oversight of their sales. To sit listening day after day to these disclosures, and to realize that the delegates were only concerned with the annoyance of having these figures made public, makes one realize the huge financial interests involved. Colonel Woods remarked toward the end of the sessions that these revelations showed clearly that nothing could be done till production was checked and factory output limited. At which, the Dutch delegate flew into the air and said that his Government would never tolerate any rationing of the factory. And the British delegate added, with some hesitation, that of course this would seem to be the *direct* method of dealing with the question, but that the *indirect* way (i.e., the superficial and futile) seemed more feasible.

The abuses of the export and import certificate system were completely revealed. Each consignment of opium or drugs is shipped from country to country on these certificates, issued by the importing country and honored by the exporting country. But who questions the good faith of Patagonia when it asks for three tons of morphia for "medical purposes"? What nation dares cast the first stone? Besides, countries like Patagonia are so useful. Three years ago Sir John Jordan said this certificate system was a device through which the illicit trader could drive a coach and four—today it seems like a circus parade, with crowds cheering the procession.

To defeat publicity the committee adopted rather extraordinary tactics. At all previous meetings the documents under discussion have been given out from day to day to the press, and to the two or three persons who go to Geneva for these opium meetings—persons interested in the subject, who often represent large associations or organizations. To this handful, as well as to the press, the documents have always been freely and generously given, thus saving months of waiting till they are published. Not so this time. Nothing was issued except to the delegates themselves, and the discussions were conducted in so guarded a manner that the public could gather little or nothing. Thus, the delegates would read their documents in silence, and the chaiman would ask: Gentlemen, you have now read Document 418. I take it there is no discussion. Good. We will now pass on to Document 419. Any discussion? Sometimes a delegate would ask for enlightenment as to paragraph 3, page 9. To which would come the answer that if you turned to Document 399, page 10, third paragraph, full details would be found. Whole mornings would be spent in this fashion, days in fact, if one added the hours. While preserving the appearance of open meetings the public was shut out from all information as completely as the committee could manage it. True, a lot spilled over in spite of their best efforts, and the astonishing thing is that one learned as much as one did. This disgraceful proceeding, this effort of a committee to reverse the one policy the League has stood for successfully—publicity—is a sufficient commentary on the Opium Commiteee and the interests it represents.

The statement made by the Indian delegate as to India's "sacrifice" in giving up her exports of smoking opium to the various countries of the Far East is not as good as it sounds. This proposal was made originally by Sir John Jordan, a year ago, but he qualified it. He suggested that India should decrease her exports 10 per cent a year for ten years, while *pari passu* these countries should decrease consumption by a like amount. Now India makes the gesture, but no answering signal comes in return. Not a word from all the British colonies—Straits Settlements, Federated and Unfederated Malay States, Hongkong, North Borneo, Brunei, and Sarawak; not a word from French Indo-China; not a word from the Netherlands Indies; not a word from Portuguese Macao. Presumably therefore all these countries are going on with their consumption, their monopolies, and their revenues. So one asks, where will they get their opium? If not from India, then where?

Will they buy it from the Native Indian States? These

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Native States raise large quantities of opium, and sell a great deal of it to British India, but their production, consumption, and sales are unknown quantities. Which is odd, considering they are right in the middle of India, with a population of some seventy million. The Indian delegate at Geneva does not represent them, nor have they a delegate of their own—a curious situation for a group of large producing states. One knows less about the output of these states than about China—much less, for there are many to guess at the size of China's production, while no one mentions these Native States. When one hears of reduced acreage under poppy in India, that means British India; there may be a compensating rise in acreage in these independent States, but no figures are ever given. A highly convenient situation, evidently. So: Will the opium smoking countries get their opium in future from the Native States? Or from Turkey or Persia or elsewhere? Or will they raise it themselves?

Another thing: For the last few years we have been constantly told that Indian opium is so low in morphine content as to be useless for manufacturing into drugs. An exploded bubble, as this meeting showed. It is now suddenly discovered to be quite as rich if not richer than Turkish or Persian opium, and just as valuable for making into alkaloids. England is already importing large quantities of it for manufacture (as she did during the war, when other supplies were not available) and now it seems that India itself has gone in for the manufacture of alkaloids. Manufactured indeed, in 1924, some 2,033 kilos of morphia, or about two tons! As if the world was not already overloaded with drug factories! Therefore, this "sacrifice" assumes a new aspect. It may not be as onerous as it sounds. It comes at the very moment when Indian opium is found to be as rich as that of any other country—at the very moment when India itself has become a large producer of alkaloids. Can it be that the cessation of exports to the Far Eastern countries for smoking will be compensated for by other markets more profitable?

Denmark and the Free-Trade Conference

By CHESTER C. PLATT

Copenhagen, August 2

DEMOCRACY, in the field of economics, has gone far in Denmark. Among other things Denmark prohibits child labor; it has established old age pensions, unemployment insurance, widows' pensions, sickness insurance; it has a liberal workman's compensation law, government ownership of railroads and steam ferries, low freight rates, thousands of cooperative stores and factories, free homes for country school teachers, compulsory education, state aid to farmers by government loans, cooperative banks, and almost complete free trade; it has started a system of taxing land values which will help to destroy landlordism.

It was the political atmosphere which engendered these reforms which led to the selection of Copenhagen for the Third International Conference to promote the Taxation of Land Values and Free Trade, held there from July 20 to August 1. This conference brought together over 400 persons, representing 17 countries. Two members of the Ger-

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IRA S. WILE—Conduct Disorders in Childhood. Monday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

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LEO WOLMAN—The Labor Movement in the National Life. Monday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

NORMAN B. WARE—Rise of the Modern Labor Movement. Wednesday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

PAUL SINGER—Social and Economic Functions of International Banking. Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

WALTER W. STEWART—Current Tendencies in Finance. Monday, 8.20—9.50 P. M. (Twelve lectures)

FREDERICK R. MACAULAY—Principles of Statistical Method. Thursday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

H. W. L. DANA—Literature Since 1918. Friday, 8.20—9.50 P. M.

STARK YOUNG—The Theatrical Season, 1926-27. Tuesday, 5.20—6.50 P. M.

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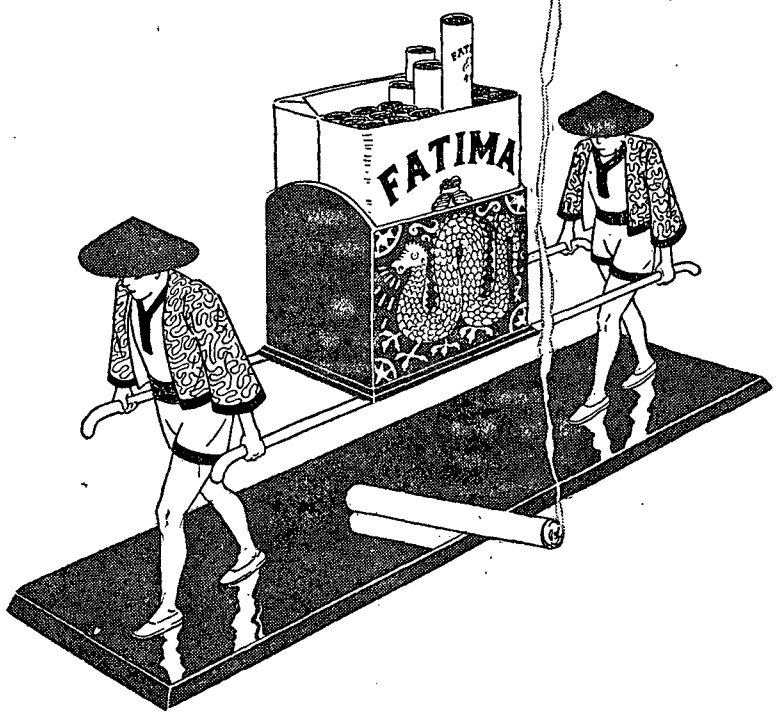

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man Reichstag were present and one member of the British Parliament.

An American delegate, Charles O'Connor Hennessy, was the president of the conference, and there were present some 40 Americans, representing 15 States. The conference met in the Danish Parliament building and discussed a program which occupied six days; but ten additional days were spent visiting various cities and country places in Denmark in order to study the schools, the small farms, and the cooperative enterprises.

The people of Denmark do most of the banking of the country and put into their own pockets the excellent profits thereof just as they put into their pockets, through their cooperative enterprises, the profits which otherwise would go to grain speculators and middlemen.

Progressive legislation, resulting in the breaking up of old feudal landed estates, the creation of many small farms, and the adoption of a wise system for the taxation of land values, has been brought about by a fusion of farmers and labor votes in Parliament. Social Democrats have their principal support among the trade unions, while the Liberals are strong among the farmers, but they have usually voted together for reform measures. More than 90 per cent of Danish farmers now own the farms they occupy, and this percentage is growing; in America about 50 per cent of the farmers are tenants, and this percentage is growing. Although nearly one-third of Denmark's revenues comes from the tariff, present duties average less than 5 per cent, and this average has been falling. Most of the articles in demand by people of moderate incomes enter the country free.

The conference sent a message to the League of Nations asking it to recognize in protective tariffs and the private exploitation of natural resources the principal cause of war.

Contributors to This Issue

HENDRIK W. VAN LOON'S most recent book is "Tolerance."

STUART CHASE is attached to the staff of *The Nation*. An article by Mr. Chase on another aspect of the problem considered in My Great-Great-Grandfather and I appears in the current *Harper's*.

GEORGE W. NORRIS, United States Senator from Nebraska, is chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry.

JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS is a poet living in Virginia whose verse has been included in Braithwaite's Anthologies for a number of years.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

FREDERICK BAUSMAN, a former judge now living in Seattle, is the author of "Let France Explain."

KEITH HUTCHISON is a young Englishman at present connected with the London office of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is a lecturer in anthropology at Columbia University.

LISLE BELL is a New York journalist at present in France.

CHESTER C. PLATT is a Wisconsin journalist.

ELLEN W. LA MOTTE is the author of "Peking Dust," "The Opium Monopoly," "The Ethics of Opium," and other books.

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